

Agnetha F?Ltskog

"Eyes Of A Woman"

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(Paris Edvinson / Marianne Flynner)

I met her at the airport, we talked on the plane
She saw that I was downcast and said it was a shame.
I gave her all the reasons for being in despair
She said that explanations won't get you anywhere.
It's not a matter of virtue or the cause you defend
It's only the moments of choice that count in the end.
We get a bit of the good life, a piece of the cake
And enough of the hard times to keep us awake.
It takes the eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild,
The eyes of a woman, the heart of a child
The soul of a gypsy, to cherish the wild.
She hit me in a weak spot, I knew that she was right
She said, "Can you imagine a day without a night?
Good without the evil, is a cob without the corn
It's with the aid of demons that angels can be born
It's not a matter of virtue or the cause you defend
It's only the moments of choice that count in the end."
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